

104
A most sweet Song of an English Merchant born in *Chichester*.
To an Excellent new Tune.



A Rich Merchant-man
that was both grave and wise
Did kill a man at Embden Town,
through quarrels that did rise,
Through quarrels that did rise,
the German being dead;
And for that fact the Merchant-man,
was judg'd to lose his head.

A sweet thing love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world,
to women that are kind.

A Scaffold builded was,
within the Market place,
And all the people far and near
did thither flock apace:
Did thither flock apace,
this doleful sight to see,
Who all in Velvet black as jet,
unto the place came he:

A sweet, &c.

Bare-headed was he brought,
his hands were bound before,
A Cambrick Ruff about his neck,
as white as milk he wore,
His Stockings were of silk,
as fine as fine might be,
Of person and of countenance,
a proper man was he;
A sweet thing, &c.

When he was mounted up,
upon the Scaffold high,
All women said great pittie it was,
so sweet a man should dye:
The Merchants of the Town,
from death to let him free,
Did proffer there a thousand pound,
but yet all would not be:
A sweet thing, &c.

The Prisoner hereupon
began to speak his mind:
(Quoth he) I have deserved death
in conscience I do find:
Yet sore against my will,
this man I kill'd (quoth he)
As Christ doth know, which of my
must only Saviour be. [(soul,
A sweet thing, &c.

With heart I do repent,
this most unhappy deed,
And for his wife and Children small,
my very heart doth bleed:
The deed is done and past,
my hope of life is vain,
And yet the loss of this my life,
to them is little gain.
A sweet thing, &c.]

Unto the Widows poor,
and to the babes therfore,
I give a hundred pounds piece,
their comforts to restore:
Desiring at their hands,
no one request but this,
They will speak well of Englishmen
though I have done amiss:
A sweet thing, &c.

This was no sooner done,
but that to stint the strife,
four goodly Maids did proffer him,
for love to save his life:
This is our law (quoth they)
we may your death remove,
So you in lieu of our god will,
will grant to us your love:
A sweet thing, &c.

Brave English-man (quoth one)
'tis I will beg thy life;
Nay, quoth the second it is I,
so I may be thy wife:
'Tis I the third did say;
nay, quoth the fourth, 'tis I,
So each one after other said,
still waiting his reply,
A sweet thing is love, &c.

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The Second Part, To the same Tune.

Fair Maidens every one,
I must confesse and say,
That each of you well worthy is,
to be a Lady gay:
And I unworthy far,
the worst of you to have,
though you have proffered willingly,
my loathed life to save:
A sweet thing is love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world,
to women that are kind.

Then take a thousand thanks,
of me a dying man,
But speak no more of love nor life,
for why my life is gone:
To Christ my soul I gibe,
my body unto death:
For none of you my heart can have,
for I must lose my breath:
A sweet thing, &c.

Fair Maids lament no more,
your Country Law is such,
It takes but hold upon my life,
my goods it cannot touch:
Within one Chest I have,
in gold a thousand pound,
I gibe it equal to you all,
for love that I have found:
A sweet thing, &c.

And now dear friends farewell,
sweet England now adieu,
And Chichester where I was born,
where first this breath I drew:
And now thou man of death,
unto thy Weapon stand;
Oh nay, another Damsel said;
sweet Head-man hold thy hand.
A sweet thing, &c.

Now hear a Maidens plaint,
brave English-man (quoth she)
And grant me love for love again,
that craves but love of thee:
I woo and sue for love,
that have been woo'd e'r this:
Then grant me love, & therewithal,
she proffered him a kiss,
A sweet thing, &c.

I'll dye within thy arms,
if thou wilt dye (quoth she)
Yet live or dye sweet English-man,
I'll live and dye with thee:
But can it be (quoth he)
that thou dost love me so:
'Tis not by long acquaintance fir,
whereby true love doth grow:
A sweet thing, &c.

Then beg my life (quoth he)
and I will be thy own:
If I should seek the world for love,
more love cannot be shown:
The people at that word,
did give a joyful cry,
And said great pity it had been,
so sweet a man should dye;
A sweet thing, &c.

I go my love she said:
I run, I flye for thee,
And gentle head-man spare a while
my Lovers head for me:
Unto the Duke she went,
who did her grief remove,
And with an hundred Maidens more
she went to fetch her love:
A sweet thing, &c.

With musick sounding sweet,
the foremost of that train,
The gallant Maiden like a Bride,
did fetch him back again;
Pea, hand in hand they went
unto the Church that day,
And they were Married presently,
in sumptuous rich array:
A sweet thing, &c.

To England came he then,
with this his lady Bride,
A fairer woman never lay
by any Merchants side:
Where I must leave them now
in pleasure and delight,
But of their names & dwelling place
I must not here recite.
A sweet thing is love,
it rules both heart and mind, &c.

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